To make one rise

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To make one rise

by Silvaxus

Summary

14. Fucking Machine / Feet / **Praise Kink**

An hour can be long, an hour can be short, but never in his life had Hannibal hated an hour so much while he drove to Wolf Trap. He had witnessed a god rise this night and it was time to raise this god from the dark to make him his equal.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Normally Hannibal had himself better under control and wouldn't slam down on the brakes of his Bentley, just like he wouldn't slam the door shut like he just did. Nothing was normal at the moment and Hannibal wasn't control, not completely anymore.

Will's call had woken him from his sleep and while it was true that his call didn't bother Hannibal, it was unlike Will to do so.

What followed next had been like a dream to Hannibal.

Will's confession had been what Hannibal had been waiting for for a long time.

Not only had Will finally allowed himself to touch his true nature, he had embraced it to its fullest and he allowed Hannibal to witness it.

The distance between them didn't matter, the fact that Will hadn't been able to speak once he reached the final stage of his transformation was irrelevant. Will had reached out to him in a moment when he felt himself at the brink of destroying himself completely or arise to something new. Will had chosen to rise and Hannibal had been there...and now was the time to make sure Will never forgot that he was a god among the living.

Stalking to the front door of Will's house, Hannibal was ready to kick the door in when it was opened from the inside and Will stood in front of Hannibal.

Naked, still aroused and his dried release marking his skin.

"Hannibal."

Will's voice was like a prayer, a mating call, the sound of a horn blown to announce the beginning of the hunt...and Hannibal had every intention of answering all of them.

Pushing Will inside, Hannibal slammed the door shut behind himself. No one was allowed to see his Will like this.

"Will, I'm so glad you chose to call me tonight."

Will's eyes were fathomless pools of darkness but Hannibal could still smell the scent of arousal and release on Will. He didn't care about the mess on Will's skin when his newly risen god pressed himself closer to Hannibal.

"I wasn't sure you would come. I thought I might have dreamed it."

Gathering Will's face in his hands, Hannibal made sure that Will couldn't look away from him and pleasure rose in Hannibal's blood when Will didn't even try to break their connection.

“I will always come when you call, Will. I had to see it with my own eyes what you’ve become tonight. A newly risen god of the hunt. Relishing in the blood of his prey. Tell me Will, in your dream, how did you kill him?”

When Will licked his lips, Hannibal wanted to follow, taste, consume Will whole.

“With my bare hands. I chased him until I could take him down. It was night but I could see as I can during the day. I could smell his fear and the scent turned into panic once I took him down. I accepted his offering with teeth and claws. I painted the snow red with his blood and feasted on his flesh. It was my prey and mine to consume to become stronger.”

Shivering at Will’s words, Hannibal could taste blood on his tongue as well, the scent of panic and fear a known constant when he himself hunted.

“Yes, Will, it’s yours to enjoy and consume. Only yours.”

Will shook himself out of Hannibal’s grip and snarled, the sound inhuman and threatening.

“No, it’s yours as well. You sent me the prey. The prey was strong and you wanted to know if I would be stronger. You wanted to see my strength for yourself.”

Growling himself, Hannibal reached for Will who slapped his hand aside and Hannibal couldn’t hold a snarl back.

The went down on the floor in a tumble of limbs and Hannibal could feel Will’s strong teeth buried in his shoulder through the material of the thin sweatshirt he had thrown on before he drove off.

They fought on the floor.

Teeth and brutal strength while they both were hard and aroused.

Hannibal’s back hit the frame of the bed and it gave him enough leverage to roll Will onto his back and press him down onto the floor with his whole body.

Growling, Hannibal closed his teeth around Will’s throat. Will’s pulse was a living thing against Hannibal’s tongue and it wouldn’t take much to finish Will off like this, teeth to the throat but Hannibal felt no desire to act on it. He wanted to see Will rise higher and higher until they could cover everything in darkness.

Will struggled for a while, unafraid while faced with the danger of Hannibal’s teeth digging into his skin. It only seemed to make his arousal climb higher and higher and Hannibal pressed his own arousal against Will’s legs.

Licking over Will’s racing pulse, Hannibal lifted himself up until he could stare down at Will.

“Yes, I sent the prey to you. I wanted to see you kill it so you could rise like the god you are supposed to be but you weren’t ready. You enjoyed the fight enough to challenge me afterwards but you weren’t ready to rise to be my equal. Now you are ready, Will, ready to be by my side and hunt those fit to be our prey and sacrifice.”

Will stared up at him with dark eyes, his chest rising and falling rapidly with his fast breathing.

“Hannibal.”

Pressing a kiss to Will’s chapped and warm lips seemed to be the perfect way to answer the longing Hannibal heard in Will’s voice.

All strength seemed to leave Will’s body and Hannibal felt Will reach out for him.

It felt like watching the sun climb up into the sky to take her place to rule the day only to burn their prey’s fear away...until the night would banish the light again.

When their kiss ended, Will looked at Hannibal and there was a new darkness in Will’s eyes.

“Hannibal.”

It wasn’t a prayer, it was the sound of a new god reaching out to his equal and Hannibal had to answer.

“Will.”

End Notes

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